

Too Many Mondays

B.J. Thomas

Nothing much worth taking
Only years of things to leave behind
Mama quit your crying
Don't keep telling me I've lost my mind

Now I'm tired of making good and feeling bad
When I came to this morning
It came to me I had

Too many Mondays in my life
Too many mornings
When I hate to see the light
Too many Mondays
That keep coming back too soon
Too few free and easy
Sunday afternoons

Living can be dying
When the days are all just marking time
Mama now we've made it
Can't you see it wasn't worth the climb

Now there's something missing
And I don't know what
But the more I think about it
The more I know I got

Too many Mondays in my life
Too many mornings
When I hate to see the light
Too many Mondays
That keep coming 'round too soon
Too few free and easy
Sunday afternoons

There are songs and sweet tomorrows
Tugging at my sleeve
Mama don't you see their calling me
Calling me
Got to believe them

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That keep a-coming 'round too soon
Too few free and easy
Sunday afternoons